

Blasphemy by [venice-mermaid](#)

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Summary: Stella James is a girl from a small town in Indiana, who meets Billy Hargrove during the summer before her senior year. They two quickly become enamored with one another. The rest is history.

1. Chapter 1

Stella James was your stereotypical girl-next-door. She was an only child, raised by strict parents in the painfully small town of Hawkins, Indiana. She was born in Georgia but her family moved to Hawkins before she was 2-years old. It was the only place that she called home. She was known for being the smart, respectable, church-going young girl that parents in Hawkins could always count on to happily babysit their youngsters. But there was more to her than the good-girl persona that she displayed so proudly.

With her junior year at Hawkins High School behind her, Stella was eager to celebrate and have a little fun. She combed her long brown hair into a high pony-tail before giving her outfit one last look of approval and dashing down the stairs, bolting out the front door. "Bye mom!" She hollered before closing the door behind her, heading in the direction of Steve Harrington's house for the day. Thankfully, he was only two doors down from her as the sun beat down on her exposed skin. She walked to the back of Steve's house, where all you could hear were the sounds of her best friends, enjoying the cool water on this blistering day. After making her rounds and saying hello to everyone, she found a chair that was located by the pool before shimmying out of shorts until she only remained in her bright red bikini and laying out with her girls. Summer was in full swing but the feeling of trouble was in the air. It was her favorite time of the year. The topic of conversation between the three girls laying out seemed to change every 20 minutes as they switched positions, rotating from their backs to their stomachs before landing on the topic of Steve and Nancy. "I don't like her," said Tina without elaborating further. Stella couldn't help but laugh as she changed position to her back, fixing the wayfarer sunglasses on her face. She wasn't catty like her girlfriends but it was one of the things she loved about them. It was always entertaining. "I dunno. She seems sweet. I think she'd be good for Harrington." As soon as she spoke, the audible scoffs made her laugh yet again. It was very clear that her opinion was the most unpopular one. Before she could give her case, Ashley quickly interrupted. "Fuck Steve and Nancy. Can we talk about Billy 'sex on legs' Hargrove?" Tina was instantly intrigued, sitting up and touching Stella's shoulder, practically squealing as soon as the name

was mentioned. Stella, however, was confused as she was not familiar with the name or the apparent hysteria that followed it. "I'm sorry. Who?" Her brows were raised and her curiosity peaked as both of the other females seemed to have lost their minds. "Only the biggest asshole there is." Steve's voice took the girls completely off guard, causing her to jump before he took a sip of the beer in his hand. His tone dripped of disgust, which matched the expression on his face. Whoever this guy was, it was clear that he was an enemy. "Easy there on the testosterone, Harrington." She gave him a playful push, wanting to hear all about his dislike for this stranger before one of the guys yelled out to announce that they were out of ice. "Of fucking course," Steve said, sighing before watching her rise to her feet, stepping back into her denim shorts and pulling them onto her hips without buttoning them. "You, sir, need to chill out. Give me your keys and I'll go get ice," she announced, following the brunette boy into the house, gently massaging his shoulders. "I don't know who Will, Bill, whoever the hell that is but don't let him ruin our summer." He gave her a half-ass smile, tossing her the keys as she cheerfully skipped out the front door.

While on the way to the closest convenient store in town, she blared every song that came on the radio, singing along to every word with the windows down. This is the reason why she volunteered to make the run on her own; she needed a break from the mindless girl talk and enjoy the fresh air without any interruption. She whipped into the lot of the Quick Way, not wasting any time putting the car in park and hopping out to head inside. Meanwhile, Billy was packing his newly purchased pack of cigarettes, leaning against his car when his attention was stolen by a pair of the longest legs that he had ever seen, which happened to lead into pair of skimpy denim shorts. He didn't know if it was that, the wind blown hair or the fact that she had nothing else on but a bikini top and flip flops, he was hooked. Line and sinker. He took a cigarette from the pack, placing one in between his lips before lighting the end and taking the first drag, his blue eyes glued to the door. After a few minutes, the angel reappeared from inside as she walked to the cooler, removing the hatch and reaching inside for a bag of ice. Taking one last drag, he quickly put out the butt with his foot before exhaling as he ran over to her. She savored the feeling of the cool air against her skin, grateful for the temporary relief from the warmth. "Let me get that

for you," spoke a deep voice that Stella did not recognize. She was used to men fawning over her but when she turned to see the beautiful man to her side, her body instantly relaxed. His scent filled her senses as he leaned in, she studied his large hands, watching him grab a bag of ice before asking, "how many?" He stole her breath away with the cheeky grin plastered on his face. "Just two," she beamed, returning his grin with a bright smile as she turned on her heels, guiding him to the car. Fuck, even if voice is perfect, he thought to himself. She popped the trunk and watched him place both bags of ice into the space with ease. She couldn't tear her eyes away from him. She was captivated by his broad shoulders, muscular arms and thick thighs that were on full display thanks to the tight jeans that hugged his body in the most sinful way. The sound of the trunk slamming brought her back to reality. She extended her hand to him before announcing herself. "I'm Stella. To whom do I owe the pleasure?" He took her feeble hand into his own, giving her a gentle squeeze as he studied the features on her flawless face. He especially loved the freckles that danced across her nose and her dimples that appeared with every smile. "Billy Hargrove." As soon as he announced himself, she had to stop herself from saying the word 'fuck' aloud. Now the reaction from the girls back at Steve's place made perfect sense. He fucking is sex on legs. His voice once again caught her attention. "My family just moved here a few weeks ago. Where the hell have you been this entire time?" He couldn't help but take in the sight before him as she propped herself onto her elbows, leaning against the hood. His eyes fell down her body, drinking in her prominent collarbones, perfect cleavage and those goddamn legs. She shrugged innocently, watching his eyes dance across her body. "What can I say? My parents like to keep me hidden from our new neighbors, I guess." Her laugh was music to his ears. He bit his lip, taking one last look before biting his bottom lip, leaning in real close. "Well, kitten. I can't say that I blame them." Stella pushed herself off of Steve's car, allowing her shoulder to brush against his gently as she made her way to the driver's seat, swaying her hips just slightly more than usual. "I may have to make an exception for you though." She spoke softly, opening the door and slowly climbing into the driver's seat, his eyes never leaving her body. "I'll catch you again, Billy." He watched as she turned the engine, putting the car into reverse and just like that, she was gone. The way that his name fell from her lips echoed in his mind as he sauntered over to his car, desperately

reaching for another cigarette after their brief encounter.

"Fuck," she breathed, feeling her heart race against her chest as she smiled from one ear to the other. She shifted in her seat, trying to feel a little friction as she replayed their run-in over in her head. He was beautiful but she could tell that he was dangerous. A combination that was always Stella's favorite. She couldn't wait to see how wild the blonde really was. Once at Steve's, she rushed inside and through the kitchen, tossing the keys on top of the counter as she made her way to the back of the house, towards her group of girlfriends. "Stell!" She heard Steve call. Without turning back, she hollered back, "Ice is in the trunk! Keys are on the counter!" Finally, she made it to her friends and took a seat. "Alright. Tell me everything that you know about that Hargrove kid."

2. Chapter 2

Days seemed to drag on after her encounter with the already infamous bad boy of Hawkins. No matter what she did, Stella couldn't get his silky smooth voice or voluminous hair out of her mind. Everywhere she went, she was hoping to run into him again and pick up where the two left off. Unfortunately for her, that hadn't happened. Every party that she attended, she became painfully bored of the company and rolled her eyes at each boy that tried smooth talking their way into her good graces. Unless they were Billy, she wasn't the least bit interested. She dipped out of the party early, not bothering to say her goodbyes before heading home to crawl into bed to prepare for the babysitting job that she had the next night.

Saturday arrived and Stella went through the same mindless routine as she did everyday; starting with a run around the neighborhood with her black lab, named Samson, followed by a shower and breakfast before heading to her destination for the weekend. Today, she was doing a favor for the Sinclair's, whom she promised to spend the next few days with one of her favorite thirteen year olds. She had known the Sinclairs for years and babysat for the family from the time Lucas was about six. At this point, they were practically family. His parents were spending the weekend with friends out-of-town and while Lucas was more than old enough to tend to himself, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair wanted her there to keep him out of trouble, more than anything. He always had a knack for getting into mischief and it continued to get worse as he grew older. A few hours alone was one thing but a weekend by himself? Out of the question. She wasn't there 15 minutes before he was begging her to take him to the arcade. "Come on, Stella!" He begged, drawing out the last letter of her name as he did his best to annoy her until she eventually gave in. "Not happening," she laughed, crossing her arms as he rolled his eyes, acting as if he was going outside. "Alright. I'll just ride my bike then." Before he made it to the front door, Stella jumped to her feet and snatched her keys. "You owe me," she said flatly, watching as Lucas celebrated her defeat before following her to her car. Once they pulled into the parking lot of the arcade, she saw Mike, Dustin and Will waiting our front. Those little shits, she thought as Lucas jumped out the car to join his group of friends. This is not how she planned

to spend her Saturday. She smiled her signature smile, cutting the engine and making her way inside, watching as their group hurdled around one particular game. "Two hours, Lucas! I don't think I can handle it here much longer," she yelled above the noise as she watched him nod in response. She kept an eye out for a few minutes, watching as an unfamiliar face joined them. She was a cute little girl with fiery red hair. She especially noticed the way that Lucas was eyeing her, making her smile as she shook her head.

Two hours later and a sharp pain pulsed through her head. The combination of sound effects from the assortment of games and kids screaming brought on a headache like no other. She was sitting outside, cigarette to her lips and waiting for time to pass by as the sound of a roaring engine caught her eye. Before she knew it, some asshole in a Camero pulled into the parking lot like a bat out of hell and almost immediately began blaring on the horn. It was the straw that broke the camel's back - She had to get out of there. She quickly put out the cigarette and pushed herself off the concrete to her feet, making her way inside to grab Lucas so she can have some peace. Before she could grab the door handle, the horn started blaring again and she swore that she saw red. "Hey asshole! Why don't you calm the fuck do-" She spun on her heels to berate the jackass in the car, who clearly didn't know anything about patience but when she locked eyes with the familiar blonde, she stopped in her tracks. It took her a few moments to remember how to breathe but when she saw the driver's door open, excitement ran throughout her veins. She watched him step out, left hand placed on the top of the car door, while he placed the majority of his weight on the roof as he braced himself beautifully in the doorframe like he was God's gift to women. "Hey kitten," he said with a smile that she would be thinking about for days. Stella stepped to him, allowing a smile to appear as she crossed her arms, eyeing his car, acting completely unimpressed. "Fancy meeting you here, Hargrove." Hearing his name pass her lips had an affect on him like nothing else. He bit his own, eyeing her small frame. "I'm just here to pick up the little brat that's my step-sister," he mumbled. She furrowed her brows, thinking back to the first day that they met when she pruned information out of Tina and Ashley about the boy in front of her. She didn't recall anything about a step-sister. About that time, the red head from earlier barreled out of the arcade and practically ran into Stella, apologizing quietly

before climbing into the passenger seat. Billy scoffed as the girl slammed the door, slumping into the passenger seat like she would rather be anywhere else than in the car with him. "When can I see you again?" He asked, watching her as she brushed a wild strand of hair behind her ear before playing with the silver cross pendant that hung from around her neck. "Whenever you want," she said softly, watching him bite his lip yet again. She turned to walk away before spinning around. "You're still going to have to convince me that you aren't an asshole." Before he could respond, he watched enter the arcade, eyes trained on her ass. She was going to be the death of him and he not only knew it, he completely accepted it.

Once inside, Stella was greeted by her favorite gang of misfits. They had their eyes locked on her, the look of judgement clearly displayed on their faces like she had never seen before. "What?" She asked, shrugging her shoulders. Dustin was the first one to speak up. "What the hell was that all about?" His words took her by surprise. "You're friends with Max's brother?" Lucas chimed in, followed by a sarcastic remark by Will. Her eyes were open wide as she was caught off guard by all of the questions, holding her hands up, signaling defeat of a battle that she didn't know she was fighting. "We're going home," she said sternly, quickly walking to the car as the four boys followed. They all piled into her car, which caused Stella to develop more questions, while their own did not stop. "Okay! First, do your parents know you're all going? Second, who is Max? Third, I just met her brother and lastly, who are you guys to be interrogating me?" She asked, raising her voice ever so slightly, annoyance clearly displayed as all four boys relaxed against their seats. "Max is the girl that was hanging out with us today. Billy is her brother and he's kind of a jerk." Lucas said from the front seat as Stella started the car, heading back to the Sinclair's home. She decided to end the conversation there, still annoyed by the kids. The short drive back was silent, only the sound of the radio played quietly in the background while her mind raced. She had not had enough time with Billy Hargrove. Their quick five minute encounters only made her crave him more. As a result, her mind went through numerous twisted scenarios to get what she wants. Pulling into the drive, an invisible lightbulb went off in her mind. The kids jumped out the car and headed inside but she stopped Lucas before they crossed the threshold of the front door. "You said the cute girl back there was your friend, right? Max?" She

saw the confusion cross his face, while he nodded his head up and down. "Why don't you invite her over tonight or something? I saw the way you were looking at her at the arcade." She gently nudged his side as he laughed, pushing her before taking off to his room without anymore information. Not five minutes later, the sound of Lucas yelling from down the hall caught her attention. "Max is coming over!" She hatched a plan; Max would come over to hang out with the boys, who were apparently staying the night but she would sneak off with Billy to see his bad boy ways for herself. That was, if he would be the one bringing his step-sister over. Now all Stella had to do was cross her fingers and wait.

The sound of the Camero's engine went straight to her core as she shot to her feet, walking to Lucas' bedroom. "Hey. I've gotta run by my house to pick up my bag. I forgot it this morning. You guys gonna be okay here by yourselves? I won't be long," she lied through her teeth as the boys nodded, not even bothering to look up from their game of Dungeons and Dragons. She almost skipped to the front door, opening and stepping out before Max had the chance to get out of the car. She sauntered over to the driver's side, leaning down to speak to Max, acting as if the gorgeous boy in the driver's seat wasn't even there. "Hey pretty!" She beamed, picking up the tension between the two siblings. If he had known that she would be at this kid's house, he never would have bitched Max out for his parents demanding that he take her there. "Lucas and the guys are in the bedroom at the end of the hall. Feel free to let yourself in and make yourself at home." She was so close that he inhaled the scent of eucalyptus and spearmint, while trying not to be completely obvious as he stared at her cleavage, which was on full display thanks to the fold of her arms. He could feel his mouth water. "I've gotta run by my house but I'll be back in no time, okay?" Max nodded, climbing out the car in record time and going inside to join her friends. Once alone, Stella's green eyes finally met his blue orbs, her tongue lightly gliding across her lip as he reached out to touch her but she was gone before he had the chance. Instead, he heard the slam of the car door and looked to find her body in his passenger seat. "Miss me?" She asked innocently, maneuvering herself so she was sideways in the seat and able to finally take in every inch of him. Billy faught off every urge that he had in his body to reach over and pull her into his lap so he could finally make her his. But he could tell that she was

different and he refused to fuck this up. "You have no idea," he growled, reaching out to take her wrist in his hand. He leaned in close, lips bractically ghosting hers as his breath hit her skin. "What do you want to do?" He whispered in the deepest, most sinful way. Stella screamed internally. Her body reacted and she subconsciously squeezed her thighs together, forcing the evil thoughts from her mind. Challenge excepted, she thought. She leaned in close, her body leaning against his in the most delihhtful way, pressing her lips to the area directly beneath his ear before whispering, "Take me somewhere. I want to learn everything about you." He swore that his heart stopped and started back up again. She wanted to talk and he was already about the bust in his jeans. Billy immediately whipped the car around and found the most secluded spot, where they could talk without any interruptions.

She audibly laughed as he pulled into the gravel lot of tge Hawkins Baptist Church. "What?" He asked, parking with the hood of the car facing the woods before killing the engine. "Did I fuck up already?" The look of sincere worry appeared on his face, which made Stella laugh more as she shook her head. "No! Not at all. This is just my church." She gestured to the building behind them. "I feel like I'm here every other day," she said, turning in her seat to face him as she brought her long legs into her lap so she was even more comfortable. "Aren't you here everyday though?" He asked, readjusting himself so he could see every inch of her. "You're Hawkins good little Christian girl." The sound of his voice was so inciting. She was convinced that he could talk her out of her panties right here on sacred ground, if he wanted to and she would be unable to object. No one had ever excited her like this. He extended his hand and lightly began tracing shapes on her arm, resting to see how far she would let him get. The look in her eyes shifted as a wicked smile appeared on her pretty face. "Yeah, I am a good girl. But I'm not always," she took his hand that was lazily touching her skin into hers, feeling the his rough knuckles before kneading softly. Just her touch sent electricity throughout his body. "What about you though? Aren't you supposed to be Hawkins roughest, toughest bad boy?" He watched her roll her eyes, clearly unimpressed by his apparent reputation. "Uh," He stammered, unsure how to respond. "Where did you move from anyway?" She asked, not waiting for him to answer her previous question. She moved from massaging his hand to his forearm,

impressed and incredibly turned on by the feel of the muscles under his skin. Billy swallowed hard, reminding himself to be on his best behavior with this one. "California," he answered, studying her eyes and trying to make sense of her body language. He knew that he was attractive. He had girls throwing themselves at him left and right but he had never had someone touch him in the most sensual way with no ill intentions. She was simply getting to know him, while admiring him as well.

An hour and a half later, Billy drove his knew favorite obsession back to the Sinclair residence to drop her off and pick up his annoying step-sister in her place. Before she got out, Stella leaned in close and whispered, "Here's my number.. You can call me anytime." He froze when he left her flawless lips on his cheek before she hopped out the car and into the house. "She's really nice!" The sound of Max's voice started him before rolling his eyes and peeling out the drive. Maybe this shitty town wasn't so bad after all.

3. Chapter 3

To Stella's surprise, the rest of the weekend went off without a hitch. The boys didn't leave Lucas' room except to come out for dinner before heading right back down the hall. No interrogation, back-handed comments or sarcastic banter. She didn't even mind the slight bickering and rough-housing that went on all night. She was far too busy attempting to wrap her mind around the mystery that was the wild boy from California.

Thankfully, she made it home from the Sinclairs' with plenty of time to shower and throw on her Sunday best; a red dress with a white floral print and capped sleeves. The hem fell about an inch above her knee, paired with a wide belt that showed off her tiny waist and a pair of MaryJanes. She stood in the pew, holding the unnecessary hymnal in her hands as she sung along with the fourth hymn of the service. She knew all of the songs by heart but this Sunday, she wanted to be anywhere but in a sanctuary with her parents. Her mind continued to drift to the night she spent hours in the same parking lot, learning everything that she could shout Billy. She somehow made it through the hour-long service, followed by the lunch with her parents afterwards. She plastered a smile on her face and schmoozed with other church members that they ran into, making small talk about the weather, the sermon, amongst the many other things she couldn't care less about. After hours of what felt like pure agony, she made it home. Her mother had noticed that something was off with her, suggesting that she retreat to her bedroom and lie down for a little while. She thought Stella taking things easy would put her in a better mood because she clearly wasn't her normal cheery self today. The brunette crashed on her bed, sighing as she slipped her shoes off of her feet and climbing under the covers without bothering to change her clothes. She wanted to hide away for a few hours until it was time to go to Randy's for the big party. The last thought that crossed her mind was how desperately she needed alcohol before drifting off to sleep. Only to wake to her mother giving gentle shakes to her body before gesturing the chordless phone to her. "Someone's on the phone, asking for you, darling." She handed the phone to her daughter and disappeared from the room, shutting the bedroom door behind her. As soon as she

answered with a quick, "hello?" She knew exactly who was on the other line. "Hey princess," said a deep voice, full of sex that made every hair on her body stand on end. "Hey you," she played it cool, trying to calm her nerves by biting her bottom lip. He continued without missing a beat, "I was calling to see if I could see your pretty face tonight." It didn't matter how many times she spoke to him, she never thought she could get used to the way her heart reacted to his words. "Actually, there is a party tonight. I can give you the address. You should come." In no time at all, they had plans to meet at Randy's party and enjoy each other's company. Hopefully this time, with no distractions or time limit.

From that moment, everything changed. She stopped hanging around the same old clique and started hanging around Billy. Throughout the summer, they did everything together and quickly became the best of friends. He teased her about being a good little Christian girl and she would remind him that he was an egotistical heathen but yet, they couldn't get enough of each other. Although the underlying sexual tension was there and always apparent through the looks that lasted a few minutes too long, how their hands were always on the other's body, neither of them acted on it. There were even a few different instances where girls would come onto him and instead of responding to their advances, he would simply grab Stella and introduce her to the same girls as his girlfriend or she would have to reach out and cling to him to keep guys away from her. They looked out for one another. There was even that one time at the record store. She was listening to Queen, blaring one of her favorite song in the pair of headphones that were on her head. As soon as the beat kicked in to Fat Bottom Girls, her hips began to sway to the beat. Billy simply watched from a few feet away, propping himself up against a wall to enjoy the show. Her long brown hair was curled into soft waves that fell to the middle of her exposed back, which was displayed thanks to her makeshift halter top. He studied every detail before his eyes fell to her ass and finally, down her legs, which seemed to go on for days. She was in Billy's favorite attire; a tank top and short shorts, looking like she was put on this earth specifically for him. He felt himself growing hard but he almost lost it when she beant over slightly, shuffling through the records at the very back of the rack. About that time, he noticed another guy, who was within an arms reach of her. His noticed the stranger's eyes were locked on her body and rage

started to take over. Oh, you gonna take me home tonight. Oh, down beside that red fire light. She dipped her hips before continuing to sway to the beat as the end of the song neared. Billy immediately took action as the stranger moved closer to her body. "Why don't you keep your eyes off of my girlfriend, creep?" He asked through gritted teeth as the other man tossed his hands up, showing his palms and backing down. "S-sorry, man. I didn't know that she was your girl," he apologized before dropping his things and leaving the store. Once the creep was gone, he turned around and wrapped his arms around her tiny frame, placing one of the headphones off of her left ear and to his own. As soon as he heard the song, he wrinkled his nose at her taste. "Surely you can do better than that, kitten." She didn't even have a clue the slight scuffle had occurred.

While Stella's parents were at work, it was not out of the ordinary for him to be over at her house. Sometimes, they would leave and go to the movies or get into trouble but today, they hadn't moved from her living room couch for ours. They were both in denial that this was their last weekend before school started. Just the thought sent her into a pit of sadness. No more spending the day lounging around or smoking cigarettes, listening to rock and roll music. Instead, her life would go back to the same monotonous routine that would be her senior year: School, work and church every Sunday morning. She was worried that their time was going to trickle down to nothing but short exchanges in the hallways or a glimpse of one another at lunch. Meanwhile, Billy was worried that she was going to ditch him as soon as school started. He thought she would be too busy and would eventually go back to enjoying the company of her old fiends. He had decided that if he was going to make any kind of a move, it was either now or never.

4. Chapter 4

Billy was sitting on the couch with her long legs in his lap, while she was busy scanning through a gossip magazine as they listened to records with one another. Although they sat like this all of the time, he found it extremely difficult to contain his excitement as she tapped her foot along to the beat, singing every word to the song that was playing. *"She's a Killer Queen. Gunpowder, gelatin, dynamite with a laser beam. Guaranteed to blow your mind, any time.."* He threw all caution to the wind as his hands began moving from her ankles to her calves before making his way to her knees, stopping when he reached her thighs to dig in his fingertips, taking in the feel of her soft skin. Her legs were his favorite and he couldn't refrain himself from touching them any longer. She bit her lip, silently thanking god that the magazine in her hands hid her face as her cheeks flushed a bright shade of pink. While he was always handsy with her, she never felt more tempted than she did in this moment. Feeling him massage her thighs with his rough fingertips, Stella took some time to compose herself before moving the magazine, locking eyes with the beautiful blonde. He felt his cock twitch in his jeans as he stared at her before her moving his hands to her hips and slipping underneath her shirt, lightly brushing the band of her jean shorts and the skin on her stomach in the most delicious way. Her body was on fire under his touch and she could see the desire in his eyes as his pupils went wide. When she dropped the magazine to the floor and he felt her press her body against his, Billy's pride swelled immediately. It was time to show the girl what she had been missing for so long and to prove that no one could take better care of her than he could, if she'd let him.

Without a doubt in her mind, she opened her legs to allow his body to fit perfectly between them. His hands stopped moving immediately and remained on her sides, gripping her tiny body tightly as his eyes fell from her eyes to her lips. They were pouty and slightly parted. Billy crashed his lips on hers, finally tasting the girl that he couldn't get enough of. It started slow and gentle but when her hands came in contact with his arms, gripping his biceps tightly, their kiss shifted to hungry and desperate. He removed his hands from her body and placed them at her neck, cupping her jaw as he held her flawless face

in his large hands. "You're so beautiful," he whispered before busying his lips on hers again. He glided his tongue against her bottom lip, begging for her to allow him entrance and when she did, his tongue began a battle of dominance against hers. Meanwhile, she gripped his shirt, pulling his body even closer to hers as she began grinding her hips against him. *Fuck, she was perfect*, he thought to himself over and over again as she continued doing all the right things. His lips moved to her neck, where he began sucking, kissing and licking different patches of her skin. When his tongue came in contact to her sweet spot, she audibly moaned and he smiled a wicked grin before sucking the same area, occasionally sweeping his tongue along her skin. "Goddamnit," she gasped, sounding more desperate than she would have liked. He smiled even brighter as the filthy word fell from her lips. Although she was no stranger to cussing, she made it very clear to him that word was not to be said in her presence. Until now, of course. He moved his lips to her earlobe to whisper, "That's blasphemy, Ms. James," before connecting his lips to the same spot on her neck that he knew she couldn't resist. She responded to his actions but rolling her hips against his body and tangling her hands in his curls. "You wanna see blasphemy?" She asked, raising an eyebrow as she watched him pull back before she grabbed his hand to lead him upstairs. "I'll show you blasphemy."

Once inside her bedroom, their lips found each other again but this time, it was Stella that fought for dominance. He sat on the bed and before he could pull her body on top of his, he felt her lips disappear from his own only to slide down his body. She took her time, kissing from his cheek to his jaw as he sucked in air, watching her drop to her knees in front of him. Billy had countless dreams of her in this position but the sight that he imagined wasn't shit compared to reality. Her hands were busy, one tugging at the hem of his shirt, while the other slipped underneath the material, feeling every muscle in his abdomen. The moment that she signaled that she wanted his shirt gone, he wasted no time removing the fabric from his body and tossing it in a random direction. His eyes lit up as he watched her lean forward, her mouth making contact with his skin as she licked a line from his belly bottom to his collarbone before she kissed down the same path, her hands now busy with his belt. He couldn't believe what he was seeing when she started tugging on his jeans. He lifted his hips and helped her push the denim down his legs before joining

the other clothing on the floor. She looked up at him through long lashes while on the floor, knees planted firmly against the carpet as she hooked her fingertips into the waist band of his boxer-briefs. He was watching her every move, biting his lip to hide a smile as she pulled the fabric from his body, allowing his cock freedom. She didn't waste any time, taking him into her mouth as she licked the pre-cum that had built on the head. "Stella," he moaned at the feeling of her lips on his hard member but the moment her tongue met his sensitive skin, it took everything in his power not to cum on spot. She slowly took every inch of him in her warm, wet mouth until she couldn't take any more. That is when she began to bob her head, allowing his cock down her throat each time she moved down on him. He was a mess because of her. His head fell back, one hand gripping the comforter on her bed as his other hand was placed at the back of her head. His fingers tangling in her hair and his heavy breathing did nothing but cheer her on. She knew that she gave great head but for her Billy, great was not good enough in her mind. She was determined to *blow* every other girl he had been with out the water with her mouth alone.

Her eyes were locked on his face, studying the way he furrowed his brow as he lost himself in pleasure due to her powerful tongue. Just as his head fell back and his jaw went slack, Stella began massaging his testicles with her right hand. He reacted immediately, a shiver running down his body as he gripped the back of her head tighter. "Baby.. fuck," he moaned, pushing his hips forward, sending his cock even further into her throat. Filthy sounds started to flood the bedroom as she started to get even sloppier, knowing that he would enjoy it. She would switch between a massaging motion to a slight tickle to his balls as she gave him truly everything that she had. Meanwhile, Billy was in total fucking heaven. No girl had ever sucked him off the way that she was. He knew that he couldn't live life without her before but now, he was a goner. When she hallowed out her cheeks, he couldn't help but grip the back of her head with both hands, feeling her suck harder as her tongue swirled around the head of his cock. His hips began snapping forward beyond his control, while tugging at her roots as she opened her mouth even wider to take more of him inside. When he started to feel that familiar sensation build inside, he quickly removed himself from her mouth and desperately crashed his lips to hers. "I fucking need you,"

he whined as he lifted her tiny body and practically threw her onto the bed. She was just as desperate as he was so she wasted no time peeling the articles of clothing off of her body with Billy's help in record time. Once she was finally free from the fabric, his blue eyes took in every inch of her. "Perfect," He whispered, teasing her exposed nipples with both hands before gently kneading them. "You're so fucking perfect," he repeated a second time but immediately stopped, swallowing hard as he ran his hands down her sides, along her hips and to her long beautiful legs. Stella's body was practically shaking, desperately awaiting his touch. She watched him spread her legs wide, keeping her knees bent so her feet were placed firmly against the mattress as his eyes fell to her core. She was so wet and ready for him that he couldn't pull his attention from her. He was mesmerized and wanted to attach his lips to her pretty pussy so he could eat her out like his life depended on it. Before he could bend down and make contact with her dripping heat, she stopped him. "There's plenty of time for that later. If you don't fuck me, I'm going to lose it," she whined, spreading her legs more as a tease.

He couldn't deny her what she wanted because he needed it just as badly. He quickly situated himself in between her legs. He had never been so hard before, he thought to himself as he took his length in his hand, rubbing the tip in her wetness. Not even inside of her, Stella was already a trembling, moaning mess. She arched her back slightly, tilting her head back as her eyes fell shut at the sensation. "Are you sure about this?" His voice only confirmed that what was happening was real and not a figment of her imagination. She nodded, opening her eyes and allowing her hand to reach for his that was grasping her hip so tightly. "I've wanted you for so long," she whispered, moving her fingertips against his perfectly tanned skin. "Make me yours." When the words fell from her lips, it was all Billy needed to continue. Wasting no more time, he pushed into her gently, watching her mouth fall open as she didn't make a sound. He didn't stop until she took every inch of him. Giving her a few moments to adjust to his size, he studied the way her mouth hung in the perfect O shape and the furrow of her brow before he started attacking her neck with wet kisses. Her walls were squeezing him so tight that he wanted nothing more than to move his hips and fuck her senseless but Stella was special. She wasn't just some hot chick that he met at a party. He was going to take his sweet time with her and make her feel every bit of

love that he had for her. "Billy, move," she spoke softly, rolling her hips against his in desperation. With his lips still attached to her skin, directly above her clavicle, he began moving his hips in a painfully slow pace, pushing deeply and pulling almost all of the way out before pushing back inside of her. She reacted to his movements instantly, her arms wrapping around his shoulders, keeping him close to her, which happened to place her lips directly by his ear. He heard all of her breathy moans, making him push even deeper into her. "Fuck," he groaned, almost having to remind himself to slow his pace down as he got lost inside of her. "Harder," he heard her say, which caused a wicked smile to appear on his flawless face. Both of his hands went to her hips, holding her in place as he fastened his pace, pushing as deep as he could inside of her as her sounds grew even louder. Her shoulders were against the mattress, back arched in bliss, while his back was straight, support his weight on his knees while he gave her everything he had. He held her legs open wide but bent at the knee, allowing him to look down and watch their bodies connect in the most sinful way. The sounds alone were enough to make him want to cum on spot but when he looked up to find her grasping her own breast, tweaking her nipple and moaning his name with her hooded eyes locked on him, Billy lost every ounce of self-control. "You goddamn minx," he groaned, hips moving even faster as Stella reached with her free hand to grasp his knee, a bright smile plastered on her face. She was desperate to touch him, it didn't matter where, as he fucked her senseless.

She was already seeing stars as he moved in all of the right ways. He was hitting that certain spot deep inside of her with every thrust and she couldn't help but react. The sounds that filled the room were downright pornographic as she inched closer to her peak. Billy could tell that she was on the verge of an orgasm by the sounds escaping her full lips, which did nothing but encourage him to fuck her deeper and harder so he could see the beautiful faces that he was sure she was going to make. With one hand holding her hip, he moved the other over every inch of her torso; across her right stomach, over her chest and grasping one of her breasts before falling down her body again. His eyes locked on hers as he licked the pad of his thumb before placing it against her swollen clit, quickly moving in a circular motion. "B-Billy," she cried. She dug her heels into the back of his muscular thighs, back arching more as gave into her release. The

tightening in her stomach began to quickly spread through every inch of her body as Stella's sounds filled every inch of the room. Thank god that no one was home. He didn't stop rubbing her clit and thrusting even as her walls became tighter around his cock. He was going to give her a perfect time, even if it was the last thing he did. Once she came back to reality, her slender body was visibly shaking. He was getting ready to tell her to prepare for round two when her lips crashed to his, her tongue finding his so they could dance as she switched their positions. Once she was on top of him, she moved her lips from his, down his jaw to his neck before settling on his chest.

Billy was in heaven. His breath became even quicker as she reached in between their bodies, grabbing his cock and lining him up at her entrance before sliding down. She watched him bite down on his bottom lip as his eyes moved from where their bodies connected to her breasts before meeting her eyes. The way that he simply looked at her made her feel beautiful but with him drinking in the sight of her, her ego doubled in size. She was going to put on a show for him to ensure that he would never forget this moment. His hands gently massaged her thighs before moving to her hips as she started to move. He couldn't help but smile as she rode him, rolling her hips in the most delicious way. He could not get enough of the petite brunette. When he tried to reach up and touch her bouncing breasts, she grabbed his hands, intertwining their fingers together, using him as support as she started riding him harder. "Fuck!" He groaned, his head falling backwards against the pillow before he lifted it again, watching her move. He panted, biting his lip again to contain the sounds that so badly wanted to get out. He couldn't fucking think straight but he knew that he needed to feel her body so he sat up, wrapping his strong arms around her as he thrust his own hips forward, meeting hers. He allowed one of his hands to travel down to her firm ass, where he grasped roughly and guided her hips even faster against his. "Baby," He whispered before kissing her earlobe. "I'm about to cum." He didn't know where she wanted him to finish but he damn sure didn't expect her to keep riding his cock after he warned her. Her hands tangled in his hair as she followed his guidance, moving her hips harder as she listened to the sound of his breathing quicken. He opened his mouth to warm her one last time before she placed her mouth on his, whispering the words, "Cum inside me," against his swollen lips. His body instantly relaxed in her

arms as she held him close, feeling his own arms tighten around her small frame before his cock twitched inside of her. With one last trust, his fingertips dig into her skin as she felt him filling her up. It was a feeling that she hoped to feel so many more times, while she continued to ride him slowly to ensure that she got every last drop. Once his high melted away, his muscles relaxed and he placed his hand at her jaw, lifting her head ever so slightly as her lips parted, waiting to meet his own. However, before he kissed her, he paused. "I love you so much," he whispered before connecting their lips, moving slowly to simply appreciate her taste. Her body belted into his, while her stomach was busy doing backflips at his words. Stella had never told any of her previous boyfriends that she loved them, no matter how many times they each professed their love for her but Billy was different. He had her heart from the first glance the two exchanged in a gas station parking lot, whether she tried to deny it or not. She gently traced his bottom lip with her tongue, combing her hands through his messy hair before speaking in a hushed whisper, "I love you the most."

The two spent the remainder of the day holding one another in bed, not bothering to get dressed until it was close to the time for her parents to arrive home. Even then, once Billy threw on his clothes, she had to physically force him out of her house and into his car. "Same time tomorrow?" He asked with a sinister smile, watching Stella as she nodded her head before leaning in to give him one last kiss. "Maybe next time, I'll let you undress me in this raggedy thing," she snickered before disappearing back inside.